

Tempora et Mores

1943

Carol Mygatt —

FB92
10⁰⁰



IN MEMORIAM



Emelyn Battersby Hartridge

1871 = 1942

IN MEMORIAM

Of these three score years and ten, one half were spent by Miss Hartridge in building up our school and in making it one with a fine reputation for high academic standing, recognized alike by the colleges and the other schools with similar high aims.

At the beautiful memorial service held on last October 11th, at the Crescent Avenue Church, Dean Thompson of Vassar College paid tribute to Miss Hartridge's achievements as an educator. As she reviewed Miss Hartridge's early life, she made us understand how, more than all else, she cared to go to college, and then how financial reverses almost prevented her from finishing her course at Vassar. We understood then why education for girls became her life work and also why she so swiftly and generously came with scholarship aid to her own students who faced sudden need. In close collaboration with other principals in the Head Mistresses Association, she achieved distinguished results in raising the standards for all independent secondary schools.

Dean Thompson praised highly Miss Hartridge's work as President of the Associate Alumnae of Vassar College when during those depression years they successfully raised funds for the new sports building. In many other ways she gave of her time and energy to advise and work for her college.

We think of her as carrying all the detail of the school, the schedules, the advice on college preparation, teaching Latin, and taking any class in the absence of a teacher, equal to every emergency and always planning ahead something better for the school. Her great interest in each girl as a person with fine qualities to be developed as well as with weaknesses to be cured—of this all her pupils were

IN MEMORIAM

aware. To meet her standards one had to be honest, courageous, able to do hard things, developed to enjoy the fine and beautiful things, ready to assume responsibility in the school, in town, in college, in later life.

Plainfield owes to Miss Hartridge much beside a distinguished school. That the Monday Afternoon Club has today its fine club house is due to her planning when she was President of the Club. The formation of our very efficient Red Cross Chapter and of the Junior Red Cross during the last war was due to her initiative. Before Muhlenberg Hospital had even planned a Children's Ward, our school under Miss Hartridge's direction was holding yearly fairs to furnish the ward when it should be built. And that today the school enjoys the spacious grounds and beautiful trees of Oakwood is also due to her plan for a Country Day School with all the requisite equipment.

We all remember when the school library was dedicated two years ago to Miss Mapelsden, how bravely and humorously Miss Hartridge related the history of the early days of the school. She wanted her girls today to have in mind the traditions of the school, and when you, as alumnae, read again that record and Dean Thompson's tribute, the essential qualities of Miss Hartridge will live again for you—her bravery, her ideals, her humor, her capacity for hard work, her vitality, and her vision for her girls in the school.

M. B. W.

DEDICATION



To our fellow conspirator in plans for wild treasure hunts and gay picnics, to our companion on exciting sprees in French movies, our savior from irate French waiters, to Mrs. Morse our sincere friend as well as loved teacher, we, the class of 1943, dedicate our Annual.

FACULTY



Frances Hurrey
Harriet Sleeper
Barbara G. Hitchings
Janet B. Fine
Mary B. Wells
Patricia Basset
Dorothea Morse
Barbara Gummere
Elsie Goddard
Agnes Hannay
Elizabeth Colie
Mary N. Whiteside

Janet Alison
Nancy Whiton
May Tennant
Ann MacMillan
Barbara Bourn
Mary R. Corwin
Betty Brokaw
Frederick Coles
Sylvia Miller Clarke
Barbara Beatty
Esther Zerega
Kathleen Brown

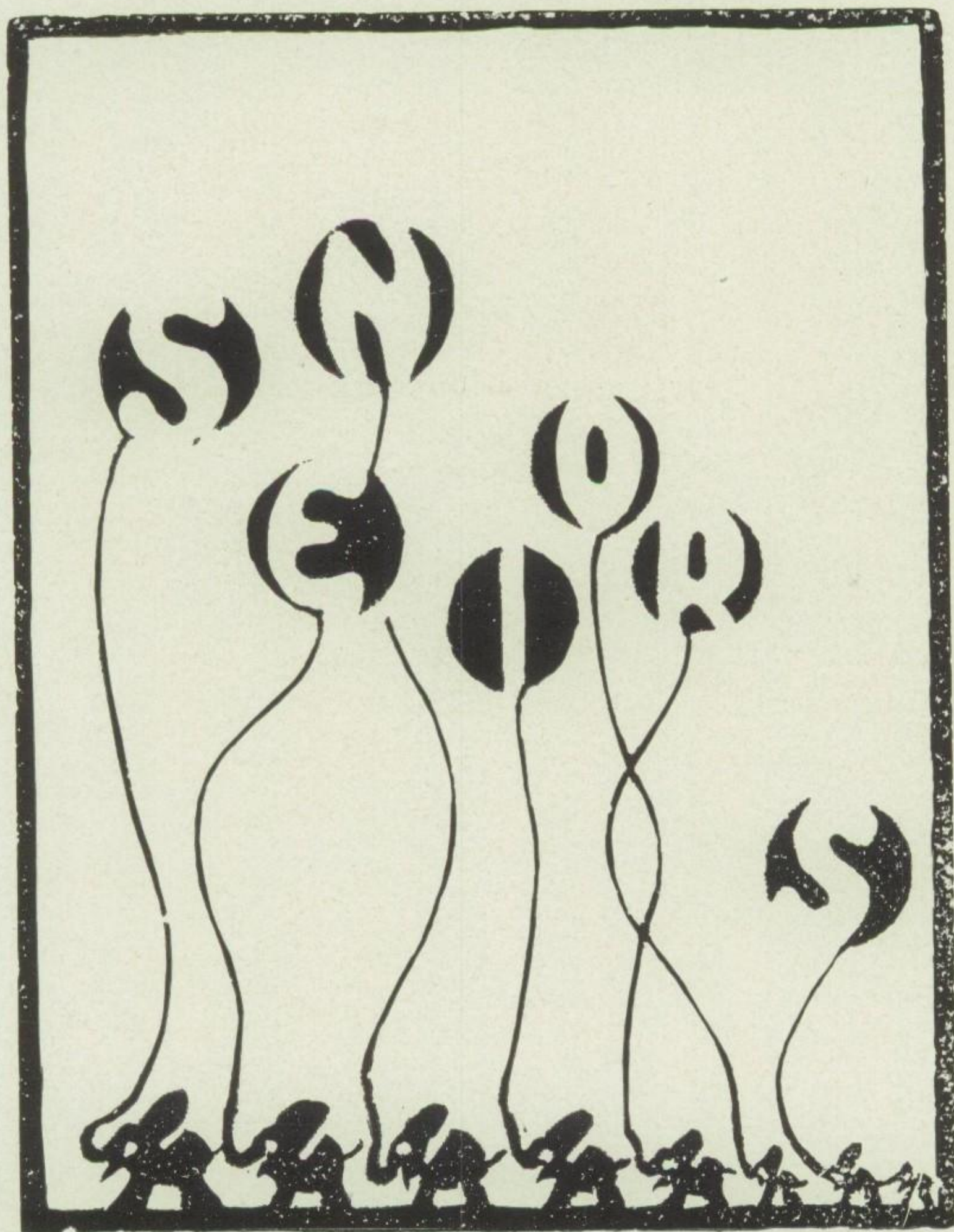
STUDENT COUNCIL



Dear Carol
I am
looking
forward to
seeing you
next next.
Have a
nice time
this summer
Love,
Kay

Marjorie O'Loughlin, President

Elizabeth Rausch	Vice-president
Elizabeth Ann Whitehead	Secretary-Treasurer
Edith Goddard	Senior representative
Mary Alice Young	Junior representative
Florence Runyon	Sophomore representative
Mary Valiant	Freshman representative
Kathanne Harter	Sub-freshman representative
Mary Corwin	Faculty representative
Frances Hurrey	Ex-officio





EDITH PINDELL COPP

"Copp," "Hap"

711 Coleman Place Westfield, N. J.

Entered 1941

Undecided

Favorite expression: "Well, well, imagine that!"

Usual occupation: Fort Hancock

Pet aversion: Waiting for buses

Saving grace: Good Nature.

Dramatic Club '41, '42, '43; Secretary - Treasurer of Dramatic Club '43; Glee Club '43; Annual Board '43; Secretary-Treasurer of Class '41, '42, '43; Class Hockey '41, '42, '43.

What senior's sports uniform has never seen the light of the gym? The telephone number of which of our more popular assets keeps the Fort Hancock calls sizzling north? What perpetual treasurer never has to borrow movie money from her funds because of her constant military escort? Who makes up for being last to arrive in the morning by being first out in the afternoon? What Tepper's salesgirl was the cause of the men's buying their own ties last Christmas? This, friends, is Copp, who keeps the seniors' fast ebbing morale up in the glum days of exams with unexpected remarks, and tears it down again by slyly slipping into the one warm sun spot in the English room before her shivering opponents.

EDITH VIRGINIA GODDARD

"E," "Goddard"

1415 Watchung Avenue

Plainfield, N. J.

Entered 1941

Undecided

Favorite expression: "Oh gravy"

Usual occupation: Singing

Pet aversion: Sewing on buttons

Saving grace: Optimism

Across the scrambled basketball court is screamed a hearty "Sink it, Whites!" in a second soprano voice whose volume bears witness to the fact that it is accustomed to the competition hurled by two husky brothers. Or perhaps such a vocal outburst was trained in the Cornell rooting section, certainly it is not to be credited to the Hartridge musical department, unless of course, that is the subject of those dreaded hourly phone calls.

The enthusiastic claimant of yon screech is Goddard, who daily gnaws to a mangled pulp that green personally inscribed pencil that is to be excavated from the buried remnants of the era of Hartridge civilization five hundred years hence. Possibly those same archeologists, turning their talents to twentieth century trinkets, will make the discovery, now under much speculation, as to whose picture appears in that pearl and gold locket.



Class Hockey '42, '43; White Hockey '42, '43; Varsity Hockey '42, '43; Class Basketball '41, '42, '43; White Basketball '41, '42, '43; Varsity Basketball '41; White Baseball '41, '42; Varsity Baseball '41, '42, '43; Glee Club '41, '42, '43; Treasurer of Glee Club '42; President of Glee Club '43; Dramatic Club '42, '43; Student Council '43.

Carol dear, I guess I have known you longer than anyone else in your class, or in the whole school. Remember the swell times we used to have at the Country Day School. Don't forget me next year and I hope you have as much fun next year as I have had at my years at Hartridge. Your a swell kid Carol and don't lose that wonderful spirit that you have.



Love,
Anne
BERNICE ANNE GRAY
"Anne," "Ag," "Gray"
739 Sherman Avenue
Plainfield, N. J.

Entered 1941 Jefferson Hospital

Favorite expression: "Oh my lord"

Usual occupation: Rummaging through locker

Pet aversion: Music for assemblies

Saving grace: Generosity.

Class Hockey '42, '43; Green Hockey '42, '43; Varsity Hockey '42, '43; Class Basketball '41, '42, '43; Green Basketball '41, '42, '43; Dramatic Club '42, '43; Glee Club '41, '43; Athletic Association '42; Treasurer Athletic Association '43; Library Committee '43; Red Cross Representative '43; Annual Board '43.

We introduce Anne Gray, known to a new member of the younger generation as "Aunt Anne." But we who went through Hartridge with her know her as the senior who gives her lone two classmates nervous prostration for fear she'll leave them alone with the maps of that first afternoon class while she enjoys a quiet luncheon at home. She is our windblown adventurer "seen about town" seated beside a uniformed chauffeur in a light-weight, olive drab vehicle otherwise known as a jeep, peep, beep or what have you. She's that demon worker who can be heard through our fogged, blank minds to rip page after page of lengthy answers from an official composition board. We add that she is also that female Horatius whose section of the hockey field is never invaded recklessly or otherwise by raiding opponents.

MARJORIE JANE O'LOUGHLIN

"Midge," "Mag"

2000 Woodland Avenue

Plainfield, N. J.

Entered 1930

Smith

Favorite expression: "I don't know
but—"

Usual occupation: Parsons

Pet aversion: Mustaches

Saving grace: Legs.

A lustily bellowed "Show me the way to go home—" and Midge, perched up on the saddle of a tough, bucking, blue and black victory bicycle, lurches from gate number two of the Oakwood driveway. A lipstick, already poised for instant application, miraculously does as directed. A purposeful toss of her halo of rapidly growing curls and a new Eberhard Faber No. 2 falls from its station behind her ear, bounces on its eraser on the curb, and disappears with the desired finality into the grass for the duration of the weekend. Midge's hand plunges into a bulging pocket, her face lights expectantly as she draws out, wrapped in colorful waxed-paper funnies, a lump of bubble gum. Enthusiastically snapping out pink bubbles, she rolls off to a mysterious weekend. We'll see you on Tuesday, Midge.



Class Hockey '39, '40, '41, '42, '43; Class Basketball '40, '42, '43; Dramatic Club '42, '43; Glee Club '43; Library Committee '43; Annual Board '43; President of Student Council '43; President of Class '39, '42; Fair representative '40.



MARY ANN STILLMAN QUARLES

"Quie," "Mary"

139 East Seventh Street

Plainfield, N. J.

Entered 1938

Mount Holyoke

Favorite expression: "But I really wasn't doing **anything.**"

Usual occupation: Snake studies?

Pet aversion: Formal parties

Saving grace: Appetite.

Class Hockey '39, '40, '41, '42, '43; White Hockey '41, '42, '43; Varsity Hockey '43; Class Basketball '39, '40, '41, '42, '43; White Basketball '41, '42, '43; Varsity Basketball '42; Student Council '40; Class President '41; Dramatic Club '43; Glee Club '43; Captain of White Team '43; Secretary of Athletic Association '43; Library Committee '43; Annual Board '43.

Who, at the cautious whisper of "Arizona," snaps to attention from a vision of a chocolate, marshmallow, peanut sundae just dripping with whipped cream with a pert cherry calling to be eaten? What senior spends almost more time worrying about the horrifying possibility that the dentist might change his office hours from Wednesday than about keeping up that senior standard in a junior-infested Virgil class? Who flutters recklessly about the ice-skating pond in a last desperate effort for some painless, temporary disability before her annual struggle with the scarcer element of formal society on the scene of the Hartridge ballroom? This maiden, fair readers, as you have probably guessed from vague hints purposely dropped above, is our fighting captain of the Whites, "Quie."

ELIZABETH RAUSCH

"Libby"

1001 Rahway Road Plainfield, N. J.

Entered 1938

Smith

Favorite expression: "They can't do this to me."

Usual occupation: Clearview Radiant

Pet aversion: Chamber music

Saving grace: Sense of humor.



Wednesday, January 27, Richard Beatty is the man of the hour, but Elizabeth Rausch appears with lipstick! We recover sufficiently to hear it casually mentioned that Clearview Radiant is wintering at Hedgerow Farm. What provoked this alienation of affection? Surely it wasn't insomnia brought on by cheese and pickle sandwiches and gallons of milk before retiring, nor the fact that Lib's bed lies directly above the piano—but that future classic, that masterpiece of monosyllables, the Annual. Even after a year of dummy Annuals plus a history notebook, the "ed" is still under the spell of her ABC's à la stencil. Speaking of traditions, with the way that you're upholding the traditions of Bar and Nan, beware, Epaminondas, of the next pie you put your little foot in.

Class Hockey '39, '40, '41, '42, '43;
Green Hockey '40, '41, '42, '43;
Varsity Hockey '41, '42, '43; Class
Basketball '39, '40, '41, '42, '43;
Green Basketball '40, '41, '42, '43;
Varsity Basketball '41, '42, '43;
Glee Club '43; Dramatic Club
'43; Student Council '41, '42, '43;
Captain of Green Team '43; Class
President '40, '43; Annual Board
'42, '43.



BARBARA LOUISE WEIGEL

"Wiggle," "Nickie"

Inman Avenue

Plainfield, N. J.

Entered 1940

Skidmore

Favorite expression: "Oh, honestly."

Usual occupation: Running errands for
papa.

Pet aversion: Bowling

Saving grace: Hair.

Seven seniors suppress choked gasps as we hear a well-meaning, indulgent dowager refer to Wiggle, our bundle of smouldering T.N.T. in a shapely skirt and sweater, as a sweet, blue-eyed reserve of innocence. We glare menacingly at her, sitting demurely, hands folded, in a corner. That couldn't possibly have been a note she smuggled behind her back, could it? And, come to think of it, didn't the swish that efficiently whisked a second plate of ice cream from under Mrs. Martin's watchful eye bear a striking resemblance to Barbara?

Having watched smooth performances in all forms, are we to believe that her caging ability is confined solely to the basketball court? And by the way, maybe you didn't know she was a potential bowling champion. Just wait till some one leads her to the right alley!

Class Hockey '40, '41, '42, '43;
Green Hockey '40, '41, '42, '43;
Varsity Hockey '41, '42, '43; Class
Basketball '40, '41, '42, '43; Green
Basketball '40, '41, '42, '43; Var-
sity Basketball '40, '41, '42, '43;
Varsity Baseball '40, '41, '42, '43;
Glee Club '42, '43; Dramatic
Club '42, '43; Art Club '43; An-
nual Board '43; Library Commit-
tee '42, '43; President Athletic
Association '43; Athletic Repre-
sentative '40; Captain of Green
Team '42; Glee Club Treasurer
'43.

Dear Carol,
I don't know whether I'll ever be able to think
of you without seeing that cute little dog you've
adopted. Is your pickup on the way, let me know.
Love, E.A.

ELIZABETH ANN WHITEHEAD

"E. A."

1340 Watchung Avenue
Plainfield, N. J.

Entered 1939

Smith

Favorite expression: "What do I do
now?"

Usual occupation: Looking innocent

Pet aversion: Pin-striped suits and
what goes in them

Saving grace: Complexion.



A tall, teetering tower of history reference books, swaying precariously off balance on shiny handle bars, is seen being laboriously pedaled by two small moccasin shod feet up the Oakwood driveway. Peering over the edge, chin thrust forward in an agonized Boy-how-I'd-swear-if-I-weren't-such-a-lady look, puffing with what might be called slightly rapid respiration, we have our Hartridge saving grace.

Yes, friends, meet E. A., whose chief ambition is to spend a long morning in bed before relapsing into a tub of luxurious, soft, pink bubbles at the late start of her self-designed day of doing just what she wants, when she wants, and most important **if** she wants to do it.

Class Hockey '39, '40, '41, '42, '43;
Class Basketball '41, '42, '43; Varsity Hockey '43; Glee Club '40, '41, '42; Glee Club librarian '43; Art Club '42, '43; Dramatic Club '42, '43; Council representative '42; Secretary-treasurer of Academic '43; Athletic representative '43; Annual board '43.

CLASS PROPHECY

Homesick N. Y. C. tourists in Tuscon, Arizona, longing for a touch of "Ye Olde Home Towne," flock optimistically to beckoning lights on the black horizon. Expectantly leaping up glass brick steps, they pause briefly as chromium-trimmed, transparent doors swing inwards, directed by the beam of a hidden electric eye. Forth glides the former Mary Quarles, the eminent brain surgeon, slimly svelt, having finally built up the necessary will power. For our fortunate intruders have stumbled on one of the fortnightly dances sponsored by Doctor Quarles for her nurses. Because of the electric bedmaker invented by her and her snakologist husband, the personnel of Quarles's Quiet Quarters for Quaint Quacks can enjoy many such spontaneous, spirited sprees.

* * * *

"E-I-S-E-N-H-O-W-E-R, Eisenhower." Barbara gazed with satisfaction at the carefully grouped letters arranged from her red volume, "Generals Whose Names are Most Often Miss-spelled."

"Just a minute, Steven, darling," she purrs to replica No. 6 of her dapper husband, noting with contentment that he is already acquiring that Princeton Campus strut. This is quite understandable considering the tiger rug on the floor of the third trophy room of the golf section, and the butler who trucks in, flouncing around in an autographed beer suit, gingerly syncopating his gait between dreaming setters. He balances the six graduated beer mugs clearly labeled in orange and black Nassau lettering, "Moo juice."

* * * *

Stalwartly plunging through a bombardment of accurately fired Coke bottles bouncing with deadly thuds off the bald spot of a swearing umpire, we pitched headlong into the nearest "foxhole" (to use MacArthur's approved terminology), to make an unceremonious crash landing in the no man's land of the Red Sox dugout. Through the sparkling red, white, and blue stars floating before our eyes emerged—lo, it must be an angel—a feminine figure! With a menacing brandish of a spare bat before the subdued eyes of her battling pennant winners, a barking of orders with a rapidity that would mortify a marine sergeant, stamped the fiery coach, manager, and owner of the Red Sox, the mother of the towheaded champion bat boy; in short, the former Edith Goddard.

* * * *

At the vanguard of a long, undulating safari of trunk-laden redcaps wending its way down the platform at Penn Station, swept the mink-swathed Lady Cecil Neville-Smythe of London and the Union of South Africa. Having thrown into a dither the cream of Mayfair's social climbers by the issuance of some of her sought-after, gilt-edged invitations, the former E. A. Whitehead further fired their ambitions by descending on Manhattan to preside personally over one of her renowned cocktail parties.

Five minutes after her heralded advent, New York's usually callous population was seen to gawk at a flight of shining black helicopters impressively bearing the proud Neville-Smythe coat of arms, alight on the lower garden terrace of the family's regal Park Avenue penthouse to deposit the mistress and all her impedimenta.

CLASS PROPHECY

"Here, Hancock, Dix, Kilmer, Edwards." Four purring paragons of Persian magnificence pad into the glistening red and white kitchen. A flurry of long ruffy apron bows bustles in, plunks down four pans of luke-warm milk, and swishes from the room to hail the bus for the monthly executive meeting of the **Philanthropical Fellowship for Faultless Felines** of which she, **the** Mrs. Fort Jay, is secretary-treasurer.

A hasty caution to junior not to tease little sister, a warning to both not to touch those tempting swirly sandwiches laid out for four o'clock tea, and the former Edith Copp dashes out the French doors.

* * * *

"Right away, Dr. Brown." The official tone carefully inserted into the well modulated voice of the hospital switchboard operator vanishes as she yanks out the 'Dr. Brown' plug and launches again into her animated gossip with the third-floor attendant. "Yeah, Maizie, no kiddin', I got it straight from Jamey. I always knew she wasn't all starch and crackle. But gee, a superintendent of nurses gettin' married. I'll never get over callin' her **Miss** Gray. Oh, oh. Speak of the devil. There she goes. H'm. Say, that disinfectant around here smells strangely of gardenia.—As I was sayin', my sister, Jesse—she's the hat checker at the roof garden—says the super was there with **him** last night. She knows her on account of her appendix last year. Oh, oh. There's Dr. Brown again. I'll call you later, Maizie."

* * * *

On the linoleum floor of the laboratory-nursery, Midge sprawls on her stomach, feet waving gracefully in the air, delightedly engrossed in the test tubes of the bright new Chemocraft number twenty-five, purchased for little Duguise's third birthday. Duguise's first reflection upon her juvenile discomforts was that her gingiva was irritated due to the eruption of the gum tissue permitting the protrusion of her four incisors. Her first complete sentence was an opinion on the shortcomings of Darwin's theory of evolution.

Possibly her mother's chairmanship of the **Women for the Presidency or Else League** originated with the prospect of this potential political dynamite for future campaigns.

* * * *

The **Citadel**, a sleek white yawl, dipped its way into the East Blue Hill Harbor after a three months' cruise along the east coast. Just as much at home at the tiller as on one of her famous horses, reigned the former Elizabeth Rausch, mother of the little twin fishermen whose gleaming red hair is easily recognized by yachtsmen from Sea Island to Bar Harbor.

Now that this trip is completed, will she hop right off again to the tenth reunion flight of the Smith Flying Club in South America, or will she satisfy her anxious public by perhaps publishing a supplement to her world-famed treatise **Matchmaking, 101 Tried and Approved Methods?** Anyway, she certainly has retained her old habit of keeping everyone guessing.

Will and Testament

We, the class of 1943, having had our ego deflated, our talents belittled, and our questionable superiority utterly ignored by our far from humbled underclassmen, resist the temptation to cut off this disrespectful following to declare this our last will and testament.

Article I. Edith Goddard leaves to Marian her carefully acquired talent for maneuvering obstacles in tri-colored tweeds.

Article II. Midge leaves Norma her black satin slip, knowing Norma will do justice by it.

Article III. Libby, lacking suitable possessions for Mary Alice, instead thanks her for her enlightening and obviously highly practised technique demonstrated for Hans.

Article IV. A definitely bewildered senior class leaves Johonet a much discussed copy of **How to differentiate between Toscanini and Koussevitsky in the ninth passage of the fourth movement of the tenth symphony by Beethoven** by Hallford Roger, with confidence that she can decipher it better than we and pump the author for further details.

Article V. Mary leaves to Joann those convenient Wednesday afternoon dentist appointments knowing that Joann will find that even going to the dentist has its compensations.

Article VI. Copp leaves Brownie her silent-ringing bedside telephone that will be frightfully convenient for conveying sweet nothings from the wilds of a New Jersey town more fascinating than Plainfield.

Will and Testament

Article VII. E. A. offers Marcia ten easy driving lessons on back roads, certain that the instruction will be mutual.

Article VIII. Barbara leaves Mel her old sailboat, certain she can "pick up" an experienced, uniformed crew.

Article IX. To Stu, Midge leaves a package of Whitman's Cigarettes knowing that she will understand.

Article X. "An elephant" as quoted from Webster, "is any of certain thickset, mostly huge, nearly hairless mammals . . ." Having studied this definition, the individuals of the senior class, considering themselves well qualified, will Nannie their publicized profiles as models for future masterpieces.

Article XI. Mary Quarles, after her sojourn in the post office, has secured for Jacquie three hundred three-cent stamps. Please, Jacquie, make them last at least a week.

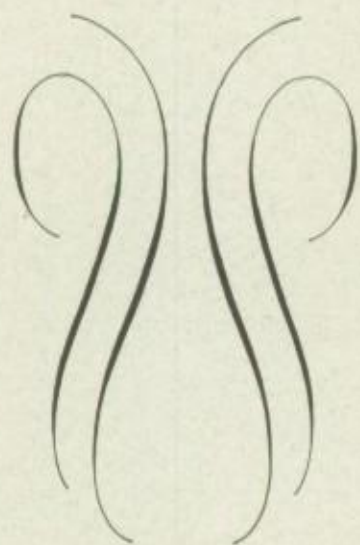
Article XII. Anne wills Beverly her well-tried, effective method for entertaining service men at dinner and thereafter.

Article XIII. Pitying Jake for **having** to miss those last minutes of Thursday afternoons, Libby leaves Radiant to her, believing that Jake will accept this one horsepower in preference to the proffered hundred twenty horsepower and a chauffeur.

The Seniors Will Never Forget

1. "Guess what, girls! We've found we can offer you seniors Current Events and Bible this year." You lucky people.
2. "Wednesday afternoon is the **only** time the dentist can see me."
3. "Miss Wells, what map is this?"
4. A "two" overheard in the locker room—"I wish the seniors would **do** something with their hair."
5. "Is Barbara cutting **this** class **too**?"
6. Cortex with a southern accent. Mary!
7. "You are my beau, I love you so."
8. A junior "helping" to write the senior last will and testament—"The seniors don't have anything worth leaving **us**."
9. Two days running two seniors take the Camp Kilmer bus to get home by **accident**. Or was it?
10. The wonderful financial aid given by the Ones on this Annual.
11. Texico and Mexico war.
12. What happened to "Dark Eyes"?
13. "Anne, where are your stockings?"
14. On February 24 a droop in drip's make-up yawns through four Hartridge classes before passing judgment.
15. Grief-stricken seniors mourn Bessie's newly developed hole.
16. Fond farewells to a love-sick lieutenant witnessed (accidentally) by an embarrassed faculty member.

ACADEMIC

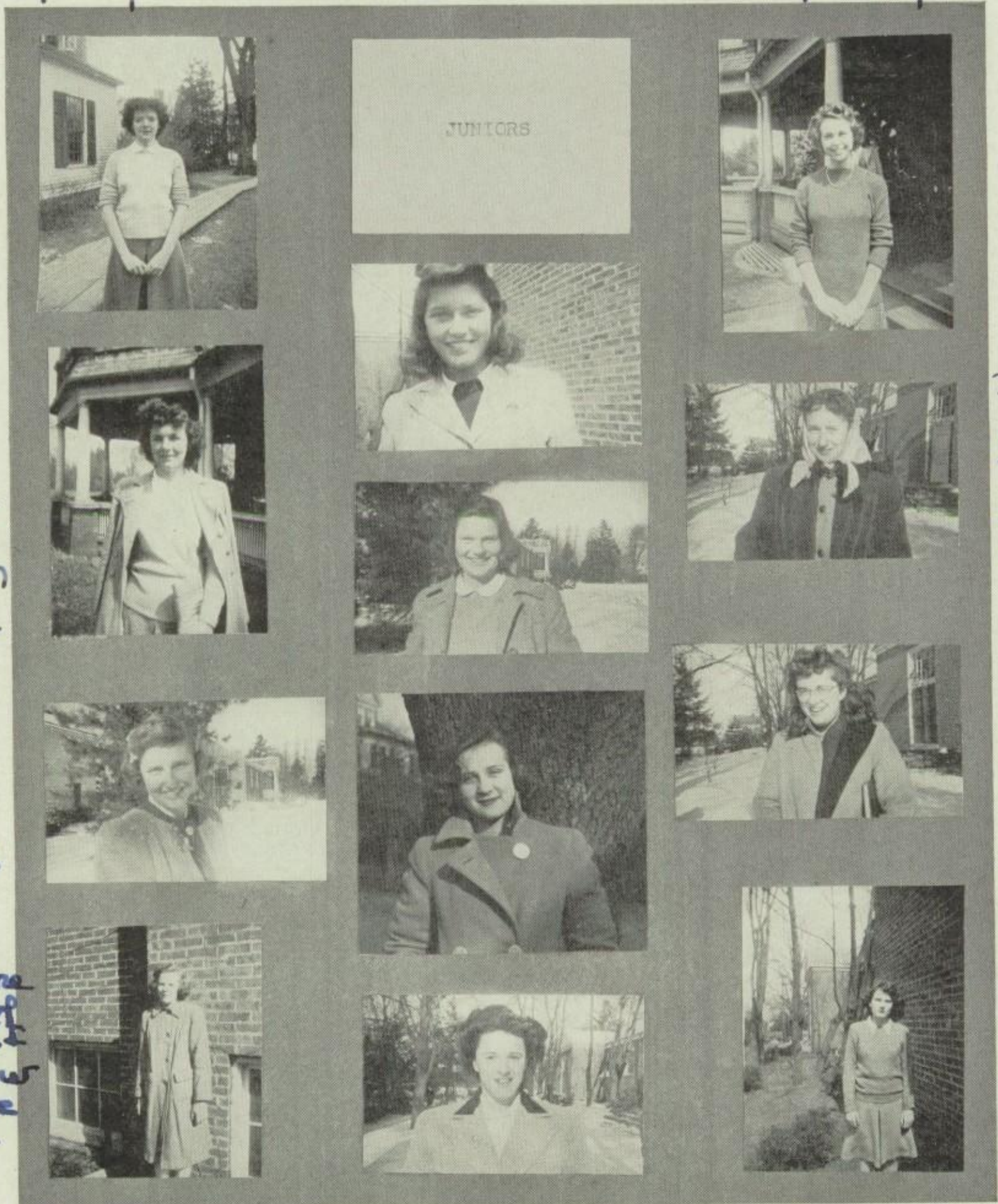


Dearest Carol -

My sweetest bundle of T.N.T. - Take care of that long, long - naturally wavy hair - and keep that personality sparkling - you can too - After all if you follow your brother - you won't have too about anything - except

of course too many men - So be good, and don't forget to come back - ~~is~~ we can have fun together next year - Breakfast too, always Norma.

Dear Carol,
Please take good care of your dog - (I mean your animals). Hope to see you next year.
Love
Marcia Dear Carol -



Dear Carol
Although
you can
to pay
if I
think you
a sweet
kid.
Joan

SOPHOMORES



Dear Carol
I hope
that I will
have a
pleasure
of meet-
ing your
brother
again.
Love,
J.A.P.

Dear Carol.
Don't I
wish I had
all got-
out natur-
ally easily
in. See
you next
year, etc.
-ooz n' stuff
"Zilly"

Don't let us have some
more chat now Sunday afternoon
together. Be good and don't do anything

Always wear your hair the way it is now to keep shaving the you-know-what & then you'll be in the middle of a storm (if you get what I mean.)
 Be Good & Don't Forget me
 Betty Anne

Dear Carol,
 I'll never forget that wonderful party you had. The best I ever had. I didn't come to it but I'm sorry I didn't. Love you.
 Dear Myra,
 Please have a party soon again because last time it started something for me, maybe it will again. Hoping it will.
 Bet

Dear Carol,
 It's always in the back of my mind of you as reading the right answers to Math or those horrible problems which your father did for you. Hope to see you next yr.
 Love "Doc"



SUB-FRESHMEN



Dear Carol,
 Remember our days at the movies. That's all I remember. "Air Force"
 Love
 B.B.

Dear Carol,
 don't know what to say but I remember those study-halls after lunch!
 Love,
 Pat



Dear Carol,
 I am glad you're coming back next year so we can all have fun this summer.
 Love
 Janice

Dear Carol,
 Since I do not think I am going to boarding school next year I hope you do not go. Don't forget the correspondence this summer.
 Love,
 [unclear]

Dear Carol
 always remember your dining room
 Love
 Barbara

Dear Carol,
 How Many Peanut Butter Sandwiches do I owe you?
 Love
 [unclear]

ELEMENTARY



SEVENTH GRADE

Carolyn Brokaw
Lois Carpenter
Mary Darsie
Jane Elliott

Patricia Gray
Carol Haye
Donna Martwick
Anne Morrell
Patricia Nash

Virginia Rausch
Jane Scott
Betty Van Buren
Joan Williams

SIXTH GRADE

Ann Scott Chambliss
Sprague du Bois
Kitty Ladd
Joy Mooney

Patsy Perry
Susanne Randolph
Margreta Volk

SENIOR FAVORITES

Radio Program	Bob Hope
Outdoor Sport	Riding
Indoor Sport	Eating
Stamps	Out of Town
Soft Drink	Coca Cola
Magazine	Reader's Digest
Movie Actor	Ronald Coleman
Movie Actress	Joan Fontaine
Bicycle	Victory
Animal	Horse
Dog	Setter
New York Store	Lord and Taylor
Band	Claude Thornehill
Popular Song	Miss You
Cigarette	Old Gold
Tooth Paste	Squibb
Movie	Mrs. Miniver
Subject	Bible (Once a week)
Flower	Camelia
Author	Rachel Field
Play	Life with Father
Stage actress	Cornelia Otis Skinner
Boys' School	Andover
Men's College	Yale

CALENDAR



SEPTEMBER 16TH—A gorgeous day. The sunbeams slant through colorful, swaying boughs. Hark! A robin trills—and guess where we are! "Your assignment for tomorrow, girls—"

OCTOBER 3RD—**Scientific problem**—What properties does glass exhibit under the impact of a size seven and one-half shoe heaved at approximately twenty-five M.P.H.? **Procedure and observations**—crash. **Conclusion**—a new pane of glass costs \$2.50. **Note**—This experiment was successfully performed by the sub-freshman class.

NOVEMBER 7TH—Eight people's arriving in Montclair in Miss Hurrey's coupe doesn't lend dignity to the fair name of our Alma Mater. Only Barbara Weigel's victorious playing rescues us from disgrace.

NOVEMBER 13TH—Have you ever seen a face behind a mud-pack grin? Did you ever hear a voice shriek in pure joy from behind mushy sod? Have you ever watched partially submerged, mole-like creatures instinctively move unhindered toward their destination? These sights marked Hartridge's victory (4-2) over Kent Place.

NOVEMBER 19TH—**Lost**—One hockey game on the Hartridge field to Vail Dean and its convoy of spectators. When last seen was dribbling through the Hartridge goal posts. Finder please return same with our compliments next year.

NOVEMBER 23RD—Do you see names and authors of books floating before your eyes? Do you awaken with visions of painstakingly alphabetically arranged catalogue cards marching to disorderly, scattered positions? Are you lost without your bottle of aspirin? If you have suffered from this condition, you can imagine Miss Fine's relief at the completion of the library.

NOVEMBER 24TH—The dramatic club presents "Letters to Lucerne" with the usual smearing of grease paint, straightening of permanent waves into the styles of old men, and desperate last-minute reviews of lines.

DECEMBER 4TH—Never underestimate the power of a mouse.

DECEMBER 16TH—The play, **The Emperor's New Clothes**, starts off a long vacation, but not long enough. The seniors find their literary genius critically limited when cramming four themes into the last two days.

CALENDAR

JANUARY 29TH—Opera guild day finds Hartridge practically snowbound. On hearing the official communiqué that the opera-goers may stay home till train time, the entire student body apparently notices the charms of music for the first time.

FEBRUARY 1ST-5TH—Midyears! "Of course I didn't do a **bit** of map work." "I need a good stiff drink." "Did you get minus the 4th root of eleven-thirteenths to the xth power for the fifth?" "What **was** she driving at in that third comprehension?" "Did you ever **see** such titles for compositions?" Ah me!

FEBRUARY 12TH—The wrath of the patriotic gods avalanches on Hartridge for its non-observance of Lincoln's Birthday. Eight forty-five: Fred is taken to the hospital with appendicitis. Nine o'clock: Valerie Martin slips on the ice and is taken to the doctor's. One p.m.: Pat Gray shoves her hand through a window. Just to finish it off came February thirteenth.

FEBRUARY 13TH—"Hello, Is this the Hartridge School? The hospital calling. Miss Sleeper has just been brought in with a broken leg." Are you kidding?

FEBRUARY 15TH—Let's go out in the snow to get warm. School pipes freeze.

FEBRUARY 16TH-17TH—Console yourselves, girls—no school. Six cheers for defective plumbing.

MARCH 4TH—a. A student rushes shrieking to us. "I saw it I tell you. It had orange hair, no eyelashes, almost no eyebrows." No, ladies, she's not drunk. But she's seen the results of two days' handiwork by a bored freshman.

b. Quie sings **Carmen**.

MARCH 15TH—Ermantrude was kidnaped and replaced by Isidore, who in turn got mixed up with Timoshenko. Do you follow us?

MARCH 17TH—Oh the ignominy of it! The disgrace! The misfortune! We shall never live it down! School will never be the same! Why should this have to happen to **us**? The faculty—oh shame, I can't go on—beat the students in basketball. Think up an excuse, girls—quick!

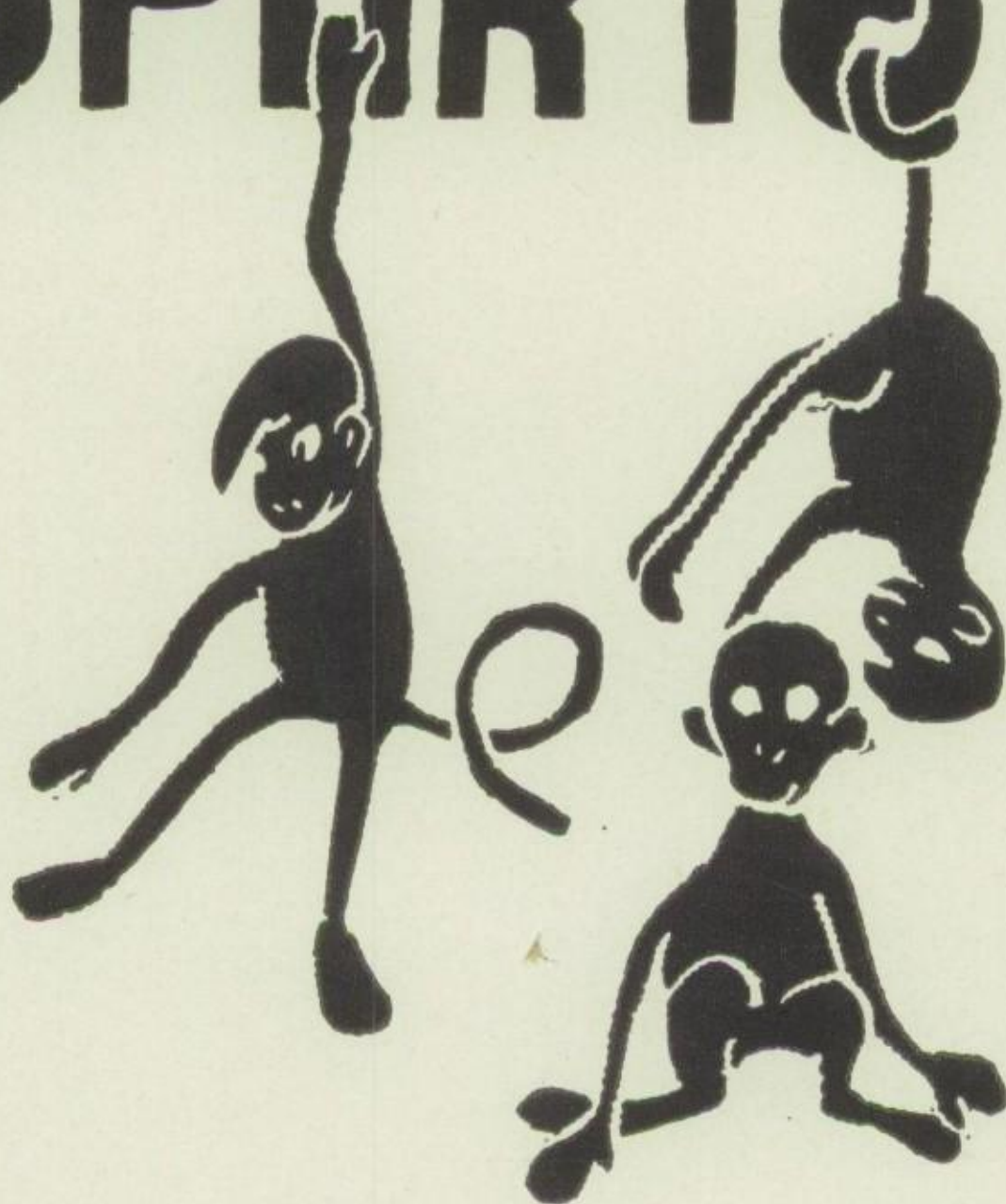
MARCH 19TH—Spring vacation and time to catch up on all back studies. Oh yeah?

MARCH 31ST—This is where I came in.

SUPERLATIVES

Hair	Barbara Browne
Eyes	Elaine Heminway
Nose	Joan Henwood
Smile	Patty Ann Ivins
Hands	Gretchen Beyer
Figure	Barbara Browne
Humor	Helen Bishop
Pep	Norma Finninger
Poise	Mary Alice Young
Best-dressed	Helen Buttfield
Best-looking	Jean Martwick

SPIRITS



GREEN TEAM



V.

Edith Copp
Anne Gray
Marjorie O'Loughlin
Elizabeth Rausch (capt.)
Barbara Weigel

IV.

Barbara Browne
Jacqueline Carey
Norma Finninger
Evelyn Jacob
Joann Pierce
Marcia Van Deventer
Marian Vans Agnew

III.

Shirley Burke
Jean Martwick
Jean Packard
Cornelia Register

II.

Marilyn Baker
Dorothy Baxter
Gretchen Beyer
Marjorie Bishop
Esther Borow
Joan Kelly
Fifi Perlee
Martica Urrutia

I.

Polly Barr
Barbara Begert
Elise Besthoff
Carol Mygatt
Patricia Wight
Martha Young
Betsy Zerega

Hell-o Carol -

Sorry I won't see you next year old dear,
 I'll miss the dumb old roundness in you, and that a/lz
 Veronica Lake v/z hair-do! Be good, remember you
 can only handle me at a time, at least that's the way its
 ment to be, isn't it?!!

WHITE TEAM

By now Sara L.



V.

Edith Goddard
 Mary Quarles (capt.)
 Elizabeth Whitehead

IV.

Beverly Braverman
 Nanette Brokaw
 Johonet Carpenter
 Mary Ellen Leggett
 Mary Stuart
 Mary Alice Young

III.

Mary Alden
 Nancy Barr
 Helen Bishop
 Ellen Fezandie
 Audrey Jacob
 Nancy Mulford
 Florence Runyon

II.

Helen Buttfield
 Elaine Heminway
 Joan Henwood
 Wesley Martin
 Mary Rock
 Harriette Stuart
 Mary Valiant

I.

Joan Burke
 Jane Cole
 Barbara Dawson
 Kathanne Harter
 Patricia Ann Ivins
 Joanna Voorhis
 Sara Wills

TEAMS

Varsity Hockey

Gretchen Beyer

Edith Goddard

Mary Quarles

Helen Bishop

Anne Gray

Elizabeth Rausch

Barbara Browne

Joan Henwood

Barbara Weigel

Norma Finninger

Mary Ellen Leggett

E. A. Whitehead

Varsity Basketball

Barbara Browne

Mary Ellen Leggett

Elizabeth Rausch

Edith Goddard

Mary Quarles

Barbara Weigel

Anne Gray

E. A. Whitehead

Green Basketball

Barbara Browne

Elizabeth Rausch

Patricia Wight

Anne Gray

Barbara Weigel

Marcy Young

- CLUBS -

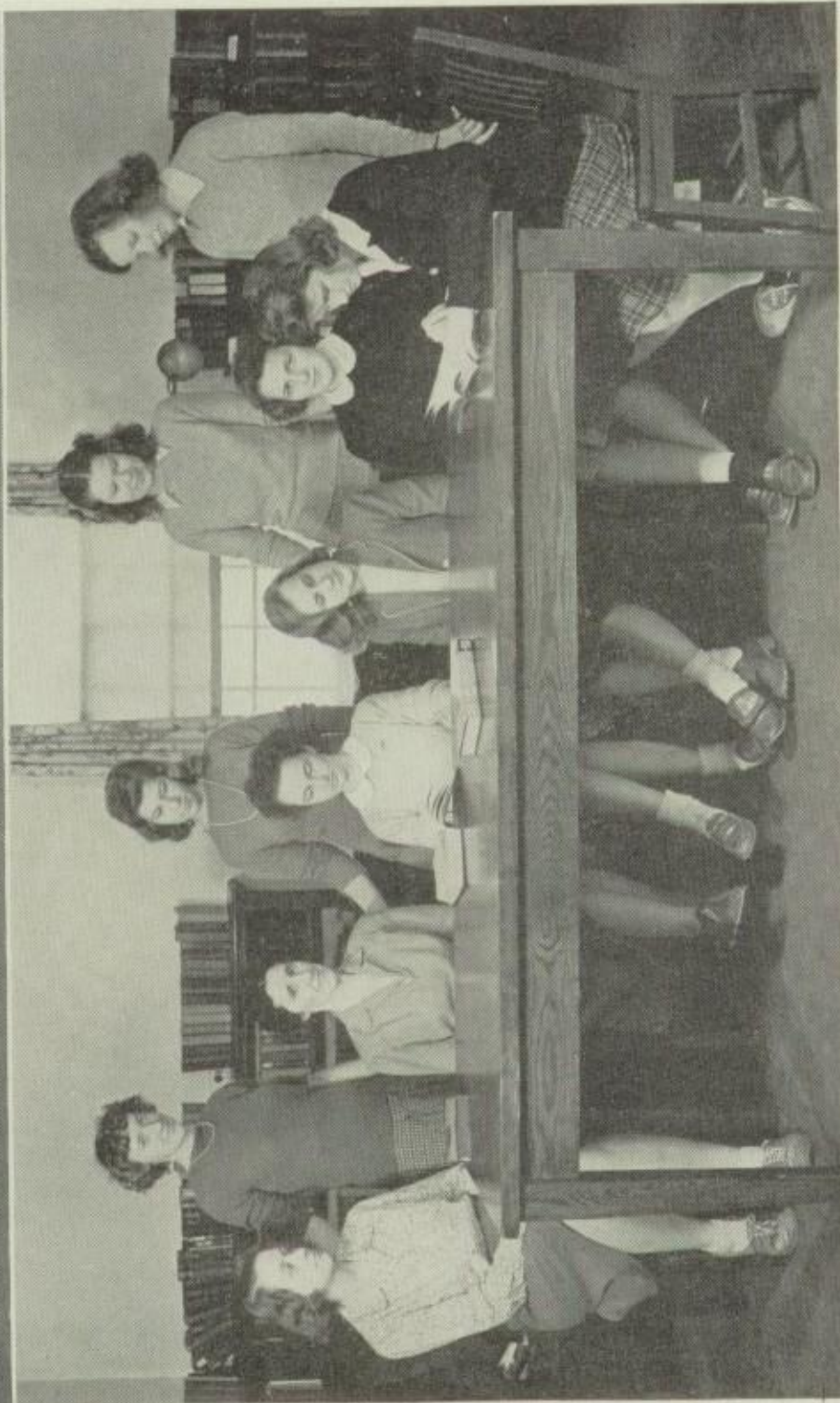




Art Club

President—Mary Stuart

Nancy Barr, Polly Barr, Marjorie Bishop, Nanette Brokaw, Barbara Browne, Jacqueline Carey, Jane Cole, Norma Finninger, Jean Martwick, Nancy Mulford, Mary Stuart, Mary Alice Young, Elizabeth Ann Whitehead.



Library Committee

Faculty Advisor—Miss Janet B. Fine

President—Mary Stuart

Nanette Brokaw, Shirley Burke, Jacqueline Carey, Norma Finninger, Anne Gray, Midge O'Loughlin, Joann Pierce, Mary Quarles, Mary Stuart, Marcia Van Deventer, Barbara Weigel.

Dramatic Club

President—Norma Finninger
 Secretary-Treasurer—Edith Copp
 Chairman of Backstage Committee—
 Anne Gray
 Director—Miss Elsie Goddard

Mary Alden, Marilyn Baker, Nancy Barr, Polly Barr, Helen Bishop, Marjorie Bishop, Esther Borow, Beverly Braverman, Shirley Burke, Helen Buttfeld, Jacquie Carey, Jane Cole, Edith Copp, Norma Finninger, Edith Goddard, Anne Gray, Joan Henwood, Elaine Heminway, Patsy Ivins, Joan Kelly, Wesley Martin, Jean Martwick, Nancy Mulford, Midge O'Loughlin, Fifi Perlee, Mary Quarles, Elizabeth Rausch, Cornelia Register, Harriette Stuart, Marian Vans Agnew, Marcia Van Deventer, Barbara Weigel, E. A. Whitehead, Patty Wight, Mary Alice Young.

Glee Club

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 Treasurer—Barbara Weigel
 Librarian—Elizabeth Ann Whitehead

Mary Alden, Marilyn Baker, Dorothy Baxter, Gretchen Beyer, Helen Bishop, Esther Borow, Beverly Braverman, Jacqueline Carey, Johonet Carpenter, Edith Copp, Edith Goddard, Anne Gray, Elaine Heminway, Joan Henwood, Patricia Ivins, Audrey Jacob, Evelyn Jacob, Mary Ellen Leggett, Midge O'Loughlin, Joann Pierce, Mary Quarles, Elizabeth Rausch, Florence Runyon, Marica Urrutia, Marion Vans Agnew, Barbara Weigel, Elizabeth Ann Whitehead, Mary Alice Young, Betsy Zerega.



Miss Hurrey's Commencement Address-1942

You of the class of 1942 are privileged. A great deal is being said right now of the hardships that people are undergoing. This is all too true—tragically so. But you are going out into a world where things that are real and fundamental are being rediscovered. We are all acquiring a new perspective, and the truth and clearness of it will stand you in good stead throughout your lives.

For in this perspective we are learning to see the importance of things we have too long taken for granted—simple eternal values. What counts more and more now as materials grow scarcer is what comes from within you—the joy of doing a hard task well—the sharing of work and sympathy with others—the feeling that you are necessary to something outside yourself. These are lasting satisfactions which really endure.

So, no matter what anyone may say to you, remember that it is a good, a real moment in which to be alive. Go then—use wisely and well the new understanding and sensitivity which you will find in yourselves and in the world today.

The graduates were:

Jane Buckner Brand
Virginia Sprague Brandegge
Mary Evelyn Demler
Emily Adele Elmer
Margaret Anne Fezandié
Elizabeth Banks Garretson
Phyllis Ann Houston
Audrey Legh Jupp
Carol LeBaron Ladd
Frances Dayrell McClure

Mary Aileen Moody
Barbara Allison Murray
Beverly Loizeaux Paulson
Frances Gillespie Sayward
Margaret Slocum
Anne Sparks
Patricia Ann Voorhis
Elizabeth Wales
Joan Williams

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ENGAGEMENTS

LOUISE HUNN TO EDWARD BARKER
MARY CARTER CLAYBROOK TO GORDON BADGER BOOTH
MARGARET ANN WIGHT TO ROBERT BERRY
BARBARA CLAWSON TO FRANKLIN DANIELS HERNDERSON
NANCY RAUSCH TO ROBERT HASTINGS LOUNSBURY
BARBARA RAUSCH TO PETER F. PRIESTER
MIMI PARSONS TO T. MITCHELL FORD
RUTH C. CLARK TO PAUL A. CURTIS, JR.
RUTH FINNINGER TO CHARLES PROCTER
BARBARA S. SMITH TO EDWIN H. SCOTT
DOROTHEA H. RICE TO EDGAR L. BROWNING

MARRIAGES

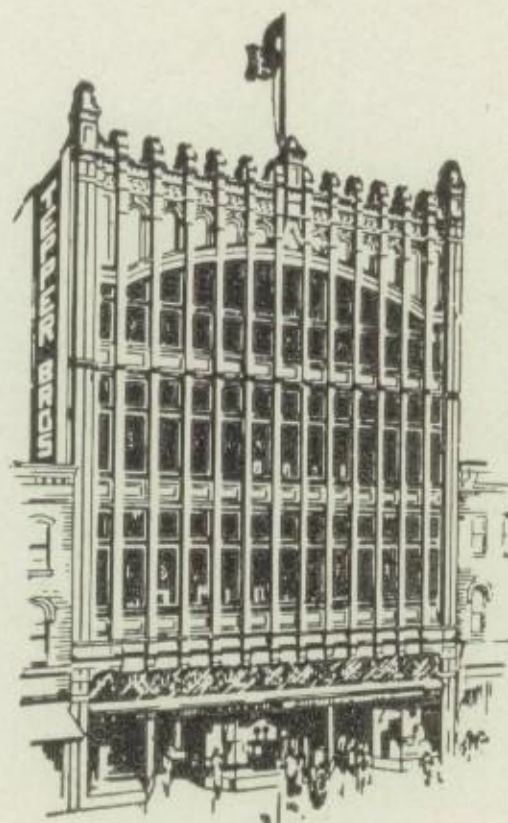
MARGARET SUMNER TO ROBERT FOWLER HENDRIE
SONIA MOGENSEN TO PAUL AHLERS
SUSANNE RAMSAY TO JAMES YANCEY BRAME
ISABEL ANN LAING TO HENRY DOUGLAS COCHRAN
AUDREY BOWLBY TO JOHN P. CANNIA
THEO WELLES TO RUSSELL ELY BURKE III.
MARGARET KATRINA VAN OSS TO HAYES GORDON
TOVE MOGENSEN HOLLINDE TO TALLE MOGENSEN
FREDERICA COER TO PETER GREENBAUM KUH
MARION A. CAMPBELL TO DAVID PORTER SHAY
SHIRLY EOFF TO BURGESS YERKES
WANDA ANDERSON TO ROBERT LATHAM OWEN
ELEANOR C. HOOEY TO THOMAS R. VAUCHER
KATHERINE TWEEDY TO CHARLES WILDEY WARING
JEANETTE WIGTON TO LINDEN STUART, JR.
ADA LOUISE EGGLESTON TO JOHN BRADLEY AVERILL
BARBARA WEDGWOOD ANDERSON TO JOHN MYER BOWERS
JEANNE MARIE ALLING TO HUGH B. SWEENEY, JR.
HELEN YERKES FLANDERS TO CHARLES TRIMINGHAM HOLMES
JEAN BAKER TO FELIX JOSE BONILLA-NORAT

BIRTHS

ELIZABETH McCLELLAN CHIMICLES, A DAUGHTER
BETTY SPARKS ELLS, A DAUGHTER
BARBARA GRAHAM BEATTY, A SON
PATRICIA ROWLAND RHETT, A SON
RUTH TROTH GIBBON, A SON
ELIZABETH RUSSEL SCUDDER, A DAUGHTER
VIRGINIA HOWELL SOSKIN, A SON
NANETTE HOY NICKERSON, A SON
MARGARET LOUISE UPHAM OFFERS, A SON
JANET DUNNING VAN DUYN, A DAUGHTER
DORIS LAING VOM LEHN, A SON
DORIS APPELEGATE WEIL, A DAUGHTER
DOROTHY LIPPINCOTT WHITE, A DAUGHTER
MURIEL SPEARE WILLIAMS, A SON

RITA SCHWEP BASS, A DAUGHTER
ELIZABETH CRAMPTON BOOTH, A DAUGHTER
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